

# The Ladies' Garland.

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BY JOHN S. GALLAHER,

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## ORIGINAL.

### ON THE LOVE OF FAME.

MR. GALLAHER,

The love of fame, which seems so predominant at the present day, led your correspondent into some reflections on the subject, and very naturally brought to recollection an urgent address that a band of departed heroes made to the Goddess of Fame, at the portals of her temple.

"For thee, they cried, amidst *alarm*, and strife,  
*We* sailed in contest, down the *stream* of life,  
Do thou! O, Goddess, call our *merits* forth,  
And give each *deed* the exact intrinsic worth."

The love of fame, by some moralists, has been recommended generally, as the spring of all that is great and glorious in character; by others it is restricted to particular spheres of action, and cautiously directed to certain valuable objects; by others it is discountenanced only when it rises to a ridiculous excess. There is no principle which insinuates itself so early, and with such honorable pretensions, which spreads through such a variety of character, always in the weak, sometimes in the wise, and sometimes blending itself with the high endeavors of the pious mind.

To know what others think of us, is one of the earliest employments of our curiosity. Under the disguise of what is called making a good appearance in the world, it obtains its greatest triumph. Avarice is often compelled to yield to the love of ostentation, and all our noble and ignoble propensities are sacrificed at the shrine of credit in the world. It follows us into the occupations of life. It discovers itself perpetually in common conversation, in our elevated voices, in our eager display of wit, in the quick retort and noisy and disputatious triumph. When we gaze on the ruins of ancient magnificence, on the rare remains of ancient skill, we are obliged to confess, that we owe these to the influence of emulation. When we open and read the lives of great men, and are lost in wonder at their astonishing intellectual supremacy, we are compelled to acknowledge, that for this we are partly indebted to the love of fame.

To a deference to the world's opinion, and a love of its good will, ear we to attribute much of that politeness and propriety which are discoverable in manners, and much of that courtesy, which, by habitual observance, sheds perhaps at length a favorable influence on the disposition. It is this which brings

down the haughty to condescension, and softens the rough into gentleness. It is this which sometimes checks the offensiveness of vanity, and moderates the excess of selfishness. It causes thousands to appear kind, who would otherwise be rude, and honorable, who would otherwise be base. These genial effects upon the intercourse of society, are sufficient to induce us to retain the love of human estimation, in the number of lawful motives. The highest degree of moral depravity, is consistent only with an insensibility to the opinion of the world. Often do these influences supply the place of real benevolence. The great Apostle to the Gentiles, after recommending all things honest, just, pure, and lovely, ventures also to add, whatsoever things are of good report. Admitting the propriety and consistency of human estimation, let us extend our views beyond the present scene of things, and act upon a higher principle than merely seeking to show forth our powers to our fellow beings. Let us consider ourselves bound to a higher tribunal, than that composed of mere human judges, or even our own consciences. Let us recollect that Omniscience beholds, not only our outward acts, but penetrates into all our motives, and regards with complacency those who respect his requirements. This only can prevent, I think, an undue influence of the love of fame, and fix a necessary restraint on its votaries.

HARMONICA.

### COMMUNICATED FOR THE GARLAND.

*Copy of a letter written by Lady Belmont to Sir John Belmont, in behalf of her lovely and accomplished daughter, (then unborn.)*

In the firm hope that the moment of anguish which approaches will prove the period of my sufferings, once more I address myself to Sir John Belmont, in behalf of the child, who, if it survive its mother, will hereafter be the bearer of this letter. Yet, in what terms, O most cruel of men! can the lost Caroline address you, and not address you in vain? O! deaf to the voice of compassion—insensible to the sting of truth—dead to every tie of honor—say, in what terms may the lost Caroline address you, and not address you in vain?

Shall I call you by the loved, the respected, title of HUSBAND? No, you disclaim it!—The father of my infant? No, you doom it to infamy!—The lover who rescued me from a forced marriage? No, you have yourself betray'd me!—The friend from whom I hoped succor and protection? No, you have consigned me to misery and destruction!

O! hardened against every plea of justice, remorse, or pity—how, and in what manner, may I hope to move thee? Is there one method I have left untried? Remains there one resource unessayed? No: I have exhausted all the bitterness of reproach, and drained every sluice of compassion!

Hopless, and almost desperate, twenty times have I flung away my pen; but the feelings of a mother—a mother agonizing for the fate of her child—again animating my courage, as often have I resumed it.

Perhaps, when I am no more; when the measure of my woes is completed, and the still, silent, unrequiring dust has received my sad remains—then, perhaps, when accusation is no longer to be feared, nor detection to be dreaded, the voice of equity and the cry of nature may be heard.

Listen, O Belmont, to their dictates! reprobate not your child, though you have reprobated its mother. The evils that are past, perhaps when too late, you may wish to recal; the young creature you have persecuted, perhaps when too late, you may regret you have destroyed. You may think with horror of the deceptions you have practised, and the pangs of remorse may follow me to the tomb. O! Belmont—all my resentment softens into pity at the thought what will become of thee, good Heaven! when, with the eye of penitence, thou reviewest thy past conduct!

Hear, then, the solemn, the last address with which the unhappy Caroline will importune thee. If, when the time of thy contrition arrive—for arrive it must—when the sense of thy treachery shall rob thee of almost every other; if then thy tortured heart shall sigh to expiate thy guilt—mark the conditions upon which I leave thee my forgiveness.—Thou knowest I am thy wife!—clear, then, to the world the reputation thou hast sullied, and receive, as thy lawful successor, the child who will present thee this my dying request.

The worthiest, the most benevolent, the best of men, to whose consoling kindness I owe the little tranquillity I have been able to preserve, has plighted me his faith, that upon no other conditions will he part with his helpless charge.

Should'st thou, in the features of this deserted innocent, trace the resemblance of the wretched and unhappy Caroline—should its face bear the marks of its birth, and revive in thy memory the image of its mother, wilt thou not, Belmont, wilt thou not, therefore, renounce it? O, babe of my fondest affection! for whom already I experience all the tenderness of maternal pity—look not like thy unfortunate mother, lest the parent whom the hand of death may spare, shall be snatched from thee by the more cruel means of unnatural antipathy.

I can write no more. The small share of serenity I have painfully acquired, will not bear the shock of the dreadful ideas that crowd upon me.

Adieu, forever! Yet, Oh! shall I not, in this last farewell, which thou wilt not read till every stormy passion is extinct, and the kind grave has embosomed all my sorrows—shall I not offer to the man once so dear to me, a ray of consolation to those afflictions he has in reserve? Suffer me, then, to tell thee that my pity far exceeds my indignation—that I will pray for thee in my last moments—and that the recollection of the love I once bore thee shall swallow up every other! Once more adieu!

CAROLINE BELMONT.

A single woman, in a love affair, ought to fear nothing so much, as being more in a man's power than her own.



## THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE GARLAND.

## FUNERAL FRAGMENT.

The morning was calm—and sorrow hung over the little village of H—, as the mist on the tops of the mountains that surround it. A bell from a neighboring steeple, chiming its sad requiem, gave warning of the approaching funeral. The streets were already thronged with the villagers, who had assembled to witness the last awful rites of the grave—and to drop a tear to the memory of him, who, by the resistless blast of death, had been swept in an instant from their affections. The hour of procession at length arrived—loud pealed again the notes of woe—and a cold surprise flew over me, at the sudden appearance of the coffin, issuing from the now desolated dwelling. It was borne by six of his masonic brethren, and followed by a number of the fraternity, each arrayed in the costume, and pending from his breast the insignia, of his order. A tear stole softly down my cheek, as with a slow and martial step they passed along. His infant family—those dear little branches of his affection, with their afflicted mother, had been removed from the distressing scene, and there were no loud bursts of lamentation; but those feelings which are the natural result of such a loss as was here experienced, were deeply written in every countenance, by the keen pen of Regret. They made a momentary pause. I cast my eyes on the coffin—then on the crowd—all were gazing wistfully at it: It seemed as though fate had plucked from the wing of friendship, its brightest plume! Alas! said I, how thin is the partition of life!—how dark and sudden the transition!—I passed him but yesterday—he smiled and spoke—and where is he now?—“down to the dust in silence gone!”—He who was yesterday the pride of the village—now lies mute and motionless—wrapped in the appalling pall of death! Oh! who that was present, could look thro’ the solemn stillness of the moment, on the scene before him—could view the sudden wreck of all that was noble, generous, and beloved—could glance into the agonized bosom of the fond, devoted mother—her little orphans prattling innocently around her, and often repeating the name of their dear father:—who could behold him thus summoned in a moment from his little domestic paradise—and not feel his heart melt with sympathy?

His remains were conveyed to the residence of his father—the home of his childhood. I followed the procession—but ere I could arrive, the moanings of sorrow had already commenced—already could I hear the echo and re-echo of lamentation resounding within. I entered softly, just as the reverend pastor closed his prayer; and here a scene took place which is beyond description. The servants were permitted to approach, one by one, and behold, for the last time, the face of their beloved and humane master. I observed an aged woman, whose face was full of years, and who was herself bending towards the tomb, advance with a slow and heavy step, as if fearful to encounter his cadaverous features. On coming up, she burst into tears—laid her fingers softly on his clay cold cheek—heaved a sigh that seemed to rend her heart—shook her head, and departed. The lid was at length replaced on the

coffin—and he was hid from their view forever! The procession again formed, and proceeded to the place of burial, where he was interred with the honours of that society, of which he was long a conspicuous and respected member.

O! twine the cypress o’er his grave,  
In memory let it ever bloom—  
As summer roses, gently wave,  
And shed its fragrance o’er his tomb.

Each heart to him in love shall turn,  
When by fond memory bodied forth;  
And all who knew, shall ever mourn,  
His generous friendship, wit, and worth.

HARPER-FERRY.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE GARLAND.

“Bring the ruth primrose and the neglected violet,  
And all the flowers that sad embroidery wears,  
To deck his grave.”—

Accept, departed spirit, the sighs, the sorrows, the unfeigned regret, of those who fondly loved to eall thee Brother:—but why these unavailing lamentations?—could sighs reanimate his dust—could complaints compensate for his loss—could his gentle spirit, hovering near our dwelling at this moment, when the tide of grief swells high, witness the tribute paid to his memory by dejected affection, there might be a propriety in such indulgence. But it is the part of man to bear with firmness those ills which sorrow cannot remove, and regret can never remedy:—that Deity who formed his soul to sensibility, who framed his intellect with more than common care, and cast his disposition by his parent model, has taken on himself the reward of his early virtues: he viewed with pleasure that flower which has bloomed so bright in an earthly soil, and has transplanted it to flourish in the pure regions of a celestial paradise—no longer to experience the storms and vicissitudes which are inseparable from mortality.

Yes—thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing;  
And thy blessed spirit soars on angel wing:  
Our dark affection might have hop’d thy stay—  
The voice of God has summon’d thee away.

FOR THE LADIES' GARLAND.

## A FRAGMENT.

“Thou wilt soon return,” said Lucy as she wiped away the tears from her bright eyes. “Thy Lucy’s heart will be torn with anxious fears, until thy safe return—gloomy thoughts often present themselves to my imagination, but I will not encourage them: they are idle fears. When I dream, it is of seeing thee pale and bleeding—and sometimes in the act of murdering our little darling boy. I start from slumber and draw my babe close to my bosom—chide my idle dreams, and say—how could I dream it? thou art thy father’s joy—the delight of his eyes. But why do I tell thee my dreams?—thy Lucy’s mind is very weak.”—then forcing a faint smile, she said, “Thou wilt not stay long—thou wilt meet the foe—and then”—(tears followed each other in quick succession, down her lovely cheeks,) “but, O, my heart! why have you so little confidence in the Almighty?” Lubin gazed enraptured; at length he said (his eyes brimfull) “O! yes, my Lucy! trust in the Almighty—offer him thy prayers for Lubin. When on the field of battle, he will not have a moment to pray; the prayers thou shalt offer, will be accepted—and Oh! may guardian angels watch over

“thee and thy sweet cherub, until my safe return.” “O! may it be so with thee!” sighed Lucy, as she returned the last fond embrace of the best of husbands. He then approached the cradle, and kneeling by the side of it, kissed the hands of his sleeping boy—then rushing out of the house, walked quickly on, unconscious whither. The battle field was not very far distant from Lubin’s cottage; the martial music soon roused him from his deep reverie, for Lubin’s soul was brave. The engagement was that of the memorable surrender of Cornwallis; Lubin’s heart kept time with the drum and fife, and every selfish thought was forgotten; he was soon one amongst the bravest of General Washington’s brave soldiers, and forgot every thing, except the cause of liberty.

Lucy stood motionless where they had parted, until, knowing that the battle had begun, her heart sunk within her, and, falling on her knees, she prayed long and fervently—then rising, quite calm, approached the cradle of her child; his cheek was wet with tears. “Oh!” she exclaimed, “these are Lubin’s tears!”—she kissed them off—the boy smiled. “Oh! my babe thou art unconscious of thy father’s danger.” The boy opened his lovely eyes—she clasped him to her bosom, and sat pale and almost lifeless, until roused by footsteps, and a deep groan. Wildly she started up—threw her child into the cradle—flew to the door—but, Oh! horrid sight! a man wounded, and streaming with blood, was borne, by four others, to her cottage!—her sight failed her, and then she heard nothing, but sunk lifeless on the floor. She at length revived, but only to feel more acute misery. “Oh!” she exclaimed, “Heaven only answers the prayers of the pure and good!”—“and Heaven has answered thine!” said Lubin, suddenly rushing into her arms. The wild joy that seized her, almost deprived her again of her so lately recovered reason. “Oh!” said she, “Lubin! are you wounded? are you bleeding?” “No, my dearest love!” he replied, “Heaven always answers the prayers of the pure and good; unharmed I met the foe—for the shield of the guardian angel, that thy prayers called down to protect me, turned aside all danger from thy husband. The war is now over, my Lucy, and we will enjoy that loved peace, which has been purchased by the blood of many. Thy Lubin was much to blame, for not coming himself, to inform you of our noble visitor. I sent to thy care our wounded friend, poor Woodley; but I understand he is not mortally wounded. Cheer up, my love; we shall have a noble visitor here presently; our brave general has promised to visit our humble cottage; or our sick friend, I should have said.” “O! Lubin, my heart overflows with gratitude: let us retire, and offer up our fervent thanks to God, for thy safe return.”

SHEPHERDSTOWN.

SEPTEMBER.

## EXTRACT.

Nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like a spirit of forbearance: the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking. True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice: they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but either fall hurtless to the ground, or return, to wound the hand that shot them.



## THE GARLAND.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, 1824.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

However thankful we may feel to our correspondents, for their friendly endeavours to aid us, we cannot avoid suggesting to some of them the propriety of attention to certain points which we consider of importance. In the first place, as to the method of transmitting their favors, we beg it to be understood, that in all cases where there is reason to believe that articles have been handed about before being presented for publication, the Editor will consider it a duty to himself to reject them. For, having to encounter, under his own proper name, all the responsibility attached to his vocation, some little comity, in this respect, it must be admitted, is due to him. It is desirable, therefore, that the utmost secrecy be observed, previous to the publication, and that all communications, original or selected, be properly sealed and directed. If, after such communications be printed, and thereby become public game, the authors think proper to indulge the vanity so usual to human nature, by proclaiming their works, then the merit or demerit of the bantlings of their fancy will be their sole and exclusive property. And in the second and last place, it must be understood that, although productions for the press are expected to be as perfect as the writers find it convenient to make them, yet the Editor will reserve the privilege (which some have courteously requested him to exercise) of making such alterations as his judgment may suggest, not incompatible with the designs of the authors—for it is *his* taste, and not *theirs*, that must undergo the ordeal of public criticism.

## SCHILLER, THE POET.

Having published some of the productions of this excellent poet and dramatic writer, who is not sufficiently known to the American public, we have thought that some notice of him would interest our readers, and we have accordingly extracted a short one. The first article under the poetical head, selected by a friend, is the production of his muse.

## FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

In his critical opinions on subjects connected with poetry, Schiller shares the free spirit of his literary countrymen. The rules of the French drama were insupportable to him, and when Goethe prepared the Mahomet of Voltaire for the German stage, Schiller expostulated with him, 'that he, who was already crowned as the priest of the tragic art, should sacrifice on the broken altars of a foreign muse.'—'The genius of the German has dared of itself to enter into the sanctuary of the arts, and has advanced in the footsteps of the Greeks and the English.' 'Poetic excellence can be created by no Louis; it borrows nothing from earthly majesty; it allies itself with nothing but truth.'

It is indeed one of the most distinguishing features in the history of modern German literature, that the greatest efforts have been made by persons of the inferior classes of society, and that they have received little support from their princes, and little patronage from their nobles. 'No Augustan age,' says Schiller, 'bloomed for the German Muse; the kindness of no prince, like the Medici, smiled on her; she was not fostered by fame; nor did she unfold herself in the beams of royal favor. From the greatest of German heroes, from the throne of Frederic the Great, she withdrew without protection and without honor. The German may say

with pride, that he has himself created his own merit. And hence the poetry of German bards rises in a bolder arch, and pours with a more copious stream.'

To his national feelings Schiller unites a tinge of melancholy. He was fond of philosophy, and, tho' he never pursued those studies with method, he was accustomed to speculate boldly on the duties and destiny of man. He seems to have had in his own mind an image of moral and mental greatness, and he strove to realize that image in the world. He was of course disappointed; but, far from abusing his fellow men for their want of the virtues which he believed essential to the dignity of our nature, he looks forward the more earnestly for better days.

## THE PRECEPTOR.

FROM DR. GREGORY'S LEGACY  
TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

## Conduct and Behaviour.

One of the chief beauties, in a female character, is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be insensible to applause: if you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women: but you may be dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility which it indicates, may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt; but in yours it is peculiarly engaging.—Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush, when she is conscious of no crime. It is a sufficient answer, that nature has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you, because you do so.—Blushing is so far from being necessarily an attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This modesty, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one. People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dullness. One may take a share in conversation, without uttering a syllable. The expression in the countenance shows it, and this never escapes an observing eye.

I should be glad that you had an easy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that confident ease, that unabashed countenance, which seems to set the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is speaking to you, one of superior rank addresses you, do not let your eager attention and visible preference betray the flutter of your heart: let your pride, on this occasion, preserve you from that meanness, into which your vanity would sink you. Consider that you expose yourselves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman only to swell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honor in speaking to you.

Converse with men even of the first rank, with that dignified modesty, which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess.—It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature; otherwise it will create you many enemies.—Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy, yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it, become intoxicated, and lose all self command.

Humour is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Be even cautious of displaying your good sense.—It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts, and a cultivated understanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness; but such an one will seldom fall in your way; and if, by accident, he should, do not be anxious to shew the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you possess. The great art of pleasing in conversation consists in making the company pleased with themselves. You will more readily hear than talk yourselves into their good graces.

## IMPORTANCE OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

Who is it that moulds and directs the character of our boys for the first ten or twelve years of their life?—Not the father; for such are his engagements, or such the state and reserve of his manners, that his sons but rarely come in contact with him. No: it is in the nursery; it is in the gentle and attractive society of the mother; it is in her affectionate bosom, and on her lap, that the blossoms of the heart and mind begin their bloom; it is she who bends the twig, and thus decides the character of the tree. How then ought she to be accomplished for this important office! How wide and diversified her reading and information! How numerous the historic models of great men with which her memory should be stored! How grand and noble the tone of her own character!



## VARIETY.

## WOMEN.

From the creation to the present day, *women* have made *men* what they please. If, however, any particular description of persons have been, more than others, their own, we must name Soldiers, including the heroes of ancient story. Sampson, David and Solomon, Mark Antony and Belisarius, with hundreds more, afford proof enough of this position. In later times, John Banier, one of the best generals Europe ever knew, and an *élève* of the great Gustavus Adolphus, gained his glory by *one* woman, and lost it by *another*. While the wife, whom he bro't from Sweden, lived, he was successful in every undertaking. She accompanied him every where, regulated all his enterprizes, and pointed out the path to glory. She died, and his despair prompted him at first to follow her. At her funeral, however, the view of a lovely young German Princess checked his grief, and made him love again. Though late in life, he performed all those pranks which youth alone can render supportable. He ran extreme hazards to catch a glance of his mistress, he consumed whole nights in drinking bumpers to her health, and when he obtained her hand, he made such extravagantly noisy rejoicings, that all the country round him went to their devotions, thinking that a bloody contest was deciding in the field. His second race of love was, however, very short. He died in six weeks, having first egregiously tarnished his fame as a General, by a total neglect of his military duty.

## A HEROINE.

BONNA, an Amazon of the 15th century, has less renown than her shining qualities seem to have merited. Brunoro, a warrior of Parma, saw her in the lowest state of rusticity. Struck with an indescribable expression in her countenance, he attached her to himself, and took her every where with him, dressed in the habit of a man. She soon became an excellent politician, and gained such an ascendancy over the sagacious nobles of Venice, that they appointed her protector (Brunoro) General of their troops, with a large salary. Thinking herself bound to share with her husband (for such he was now become) the dangers to which she had introduced him, she fought by his side at the head of his troops, stormed the strongest fortresses, and seconded him, with vigor and success, in the defence of Negropont against the Mahometans. She died in 1466, leaving behind her an almost unequalled reputation for address and bravery.

## THE WAY TO SILENCE COMPLAINTS.

'Be easy,' said a rich invalid to his son-in-law, who was, every hour, perplexing him with complaints of his wife's misbehaviour. 'Be easy, I say; as her behavior is so very blameable, I will alter my will, and cut her off with a shilling.' He heard no more of his daughter's failings.

## POETRY.

## TO THE EDITOR.

Should the following selection meet your approbation, as worthy of occupying a place in the Garland, it will gratify one who is sincerely attached to the muses.

By daring mind endued with wings,  
Blest by his visions false but gay,  
Untamed by anxious care, how springs  
The youth along existence' way!  
There's nought so lofty, nought so far,  
To which his wishes may not rise;  
E'en to the heaven's remotest star,  
On wings of bold design he flies.

How swiftly was I borne along!  
And happy, feared no toil nor care!  
And still with winning grace the throng  
Before me danced of forms of air;  
Love with sweet looks that ne'er could frown;  
Joy with his golden garlands bright;  
Glory adorned with starry crown;  
And Truth that blazed in solar light.

But ah! how soon these guardians flew  
Far from my side, ere life's mid-way;  
The airy band became untrue,  
And one by one they passed away.  
His rapid pinions Joy extended;  
The wells of Knowledge still were dry;  
Doubt's heavy clouds round Truth ascended,  
And hid her light from mortal eye.

I saw, too, Glory's holy flowers  
Round common brows profanely twined;  
And, Love, how swiftly flew thy hours!  
How soon I left thy spring behind!  
Still and more still the scene became;  
More lonely seemed the rugged way;  
And dying hope a pallid flame  
Scarce threw across the darksome way.

Of all that gay and noisy crowd  
Will none with faithful fondness wait,  
To raise me when by sorrow bowed,  
And follow me to death's dark gate?  
O Friendship! thou my age shalt brighten,  
Thou, who dost heal our every wound,  
With love the toils of life dost lighten,  
Thou, whom I early sought and found.

And thou, whose spell like her's can charm  
The spirit's storms, beloved Employ;  
Thou, who with strong unwearied arm,  
Dost slowly raise, but ne'er destroy;  
The building of eternity  
Thy hand with patient toil uprears,  
And pays the debt before we die,  
Of minutes, seasons, days, and years.

## NEW SCOTTISH SONG.

O, Mary, turn awa  
That bonnie face o' thine,  
And dinna shaw that breast,  
That never can be mine!  
Can aught o' this world's gear  
E'er cool my bosom's care?  
Na, na, for ilka look o' thine,  
It only feeds despair.

Then, Mary, turn awa  
That bonnie face o' thine;  
Oh dinna, dinna shaw that breast,  
That never can be mine!  
Wi' love's severest pangs  
My heart is laden sair,  
And o'er my breast the grass maun grow,  
Ere I am free frae care.

If benefits will not affect the mind,  
There's nothing in the world will make us kind.

## FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The beautiful Irish air, 'The Fox's Sleep,' is united to the following verses by Mr. Smyth.

'The hero may perish, his country to save,  
And he lives in the records of fame;  
The sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave—  
Ever honor'd and blest be his name!  
But virtue that silently toils or expires,  
No wreath for the brow to entwine,  
That asks but a smile—but a fond sigh requires—  
O woman! that virtue is thine.'

There is much feeling and tenderness in the Address by a Dying Father to his daughter, in a song of Mr. Smyth's to the same melody.

'Thou hast walk'd by my side, and my board thou  
hast spread,  
For my chair the warm corner hast found;  
And told my dull ear what the visitor said,  
When I saw that the laughter went round.  
Thou hast succour'd me still and my meaning ex-  
prest,  
When memory was lost on its way—  
Thou hast pillow'd my head ere I laid it to rest,—  
Thou art weeping beside me to-day!'

## SONG.

## BY WALTER SCOTT.

O maid of Isla, from yon cliff  
That looks on troubled wave and sky,  
Dost thou not see yon little skiff  
Contend with ocean gallantly?  
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,  
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,—  
Why does she war unequal urge?  
O Isla's maid! she seeks her home.

O Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,  
Her white wing gleams thro' mist and spray,  
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,  
As to the rock she wheels her way.  
Where clouds are dark, and billows rave,  
Why to the shelter should she come  
Of cliff expos'd to wind and wave?  
O maid of Isla! 'tis her home.

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,  
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,  
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,  
Where sea-birds close their weary wing.  
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,  
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;  
For in thy love, or in his grave,  
Must Allin Vourich find his home.'

"When death had snatch'd my friend away,  
I would not breathe a last adieu:—  
Some dream I hop'd might still display  
The dear departed to my view.

"Vain were my hopes, and vain my sighs:  
How could I dream without repose;  
And how could slumber seal my eyes,  
When tears forbid their lids to close?"

## LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER BOOK.

When death shall come to close the span  
Of life we've measured here,  
Oh! then it will be sweet to scan  
The past, without a tear.

When thy last solemn hour is nigh,  
And thy last sigh is given,  
May angels wait attendant by,  
To point thy way to heaven.

"And let conquerors boast  
Their fields of fame; he who in virtue arms  
A young, warm spirit, against beauty's charms—  
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,  
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all."—Moore.